

A Dream.

Upon the much lamented Death of WILLIAM late Lord
Archbishop of CANTERBURY. By Peter Gleane, Gent.

L Ate as I lay with surging Cares oppress,
The rude Invaders of my placid Rest;
I begg'd an Interval but to retire,
To Fuel up my languid vital Fire:
But stubborn Care, reluctant Care, denies
Rest to my soul, and Lumber to my Eyes.
At last, when quite fatigued, I stole away;
Nor could this noisy Tumult make me stay;
'Tis true it kept my grosser Shell of Clay,
But the immortal Watcher of that Frame,
Always awake, always the same,
Was swiftly tawring on the rapid Wing
Of foam good Dæmon, some celestial Thing;
Such as those airy Emissaries be,
That with young Prophets talk in Extasie.
This airy Charioteer waited me even
Where good Mens Souls they say embarque for Heaven;
Where, when my labouring Thoughts I could recount,
I found my self on th' top of *Filga's* Mount;
Where, looking round about, as I did stand
Pleas'd with the Landskip of the happy land,
I saw (methought) a Reverend Matron set
Wearing the Symptoms of Disconsolate,
Yet still comply'd with her sinister Fate;
Not once she utter'd a reluctant moan,
Yet I observ'd she in a modest Tone
More than once repeated, *He is gone.*
Yet with that Constancy, that humble Sense,
She never once betray'd her Patience.
The whilst a wat'ry Deluge drowns my Eyes,
Whilst my relenting Soul did sympathise,
My Pity equal to her Grief did rise,
Zealous to know and ease her Miseries.
And whilst my anxious Thoughts were thus employ'd,
With elevated Hands and Eyes she cry'd,
Eripe heu miseram; another Word
She added, which could not be understood
By me; who, all this while, stood ignorant
Of the mysteriousness of this Complaint.
Conscious at last that I should seem to be
Lost in the Practice of Humanity,
And by a slow supine omission Sin,
I resolutely threatned to begin
To ask the Cause of all these Signs of Grief,
The better to proportion some Relief.
Then trembling I approach'd, so as we see
Strangers address themselves to Majesty,
And stooping too one Knee, because I knew
That Posture to her Reverence was due:
Lady, (says I) If this unbyass'd Breast
May be with so Divine a Secret blest,

Suspend your Grief a while, and let me know
From what black Radix all this Sorrow grow,
Undraw the Tragick Curtain of your woe.
Let me in your Calamities pertake,
That which makes you sad, may me happy make,
And to an Unfortunate it is we know
Comfort, to have Confederates in woe.
So 'twill me happy make, if I may be
An Instrument to ease your Misery:
And sure if in my Sphere it lies I'll do't,
I'll ransack every dark Recess throughout,
But that I'll find the hidden Mischief out.
And then—— But here she stopt me, Silence brake,
And very Gravely, like her self she spake:
Enough, (tender young Man) enough, I see
A Specimen of Christian Love in thee.
Wipe off those useless Tears, my Loss is by
An indispensable Necessity:
Therefore your Consolations pray retain,
They're kind indeed, yet but to me in vain;
Yet here I think you only have betray'd
How much your Love exceeds your Power to aid.
'Twas not (young Man) from any mortal Arm,
Or humane Violence, my Sorrow came,
And therefore 'twere Prophane for to believe
That humane Powers are able to relieve:
Death is the Cause, that Providential Rod,
That fatal Executioner of God,
He has bereav'd me of my Eldest Son;
Alas! he's gone! (wringing her hands) he's gone!
My Son, my Father, Friend or what can be
Nearer in Love, or Consanguinity?
For since my Lord and Husband spilt his Blood,
He has the surest and the firmest stood
To all my Customs, and Prerogatives,
Whilst I a Mute in helpless Widdow-hood.
And for my sake has undergone of late
The heavy Censures of an angry State:
Yet he; good, patient, he; easily retir'd,
For 'twas a Solitude that he desir'd.
I follow'd him, there lovingly we sat,
Nor envy'd Monarchs in our safe retreat;
Though some I know vainly believ'd that I
Had left him top in this Catastrophy,
Because that look'd like humane Constancy:
No, there I left the Torrent, 'cause before
I ne're Allegiance to th' Custom swore:
No Scene of fresher Troubles did arise,
But I consoled in his Miseries.
When tied to th' last Confinement of his Bed,
With tender Palms I press'd his dying Head.

Watching

Watching the languid Motions of his Eyes,
 As th' Indian does the Occidental Skies.
 Though I was sure my setting Sun should rise,
 Fetching a dying Sigh, and that must be
 Not 'cause he left the Churlish World, but me.
 His Pious Soul thus glanced without strife
 Out of his Mouth, that Sally-port of Life:
 After I'd seen him this last Tribute pay,
 I kiss'd his frigid Lips, and came away,
 Leaving th' exhausted Magazine of Breath
 To adorn the Triumphs of insulting Death;
 And to this Mount my swift Courier did tend,
 Where good Mens Genius's to Heaven ascend.
 And here I wait assuredly to see
 Him on his Voyage to Eternity.
 His thinner Substance stem the wat'ry Clouds,
 Marching along in the Celestial Roads
 Till to the blest *Empyreum*——
 But here she broke abruptly off, and gaz'd
 About, with Arms stretch out, like one amaz'd;
 I fearing some Alarm turn'd me round,
 For now I heard a noise of Trumpets sound,
 And vocal Acclamations from on high,
 Which shook the Architecture of the Sky:
 And still descending nearer unto us,
 Grew more articulate, and harmonious.
 At last a Hurricane drew back a Cloud,
 Which did before the Royal Prospect shroud:
 When from behind appear'd a numerous throng
 That to th' ætherial Mansions did belong,
 Who in a Consort, *To Pæan* sung. }
 Whilst the Seraphick Choristers throughout
 Their sweeter Hallelujahs echo out:
 Some rode in Chariots wrapt in Fiery Gowns,
 None but wore Coronets, and some had Crowns;
 Myriads of lesser Cherubs seem'd to sport
 Those little Out-guards of th' ætherial Court;
 The Sun his busy Rays the while employs
 To gild the craggy Meteors of the Skies;
 And all the new accomplish'd Scene to dress,
 To entertain the now approaching Guest;
 Whom in a Chariot then I chanc'd to spy
 Rising afar off in the low hung Sky,
 As from the Ocean: So in a Scallop rode
 The Azure *Thetis*, with her marine God.
 Yonder your Heroe comes, (Matron) I cry'd,
 See, see, he does in active Triumph ride,
 Whilst his Retinue flies he drives in haste,
 Nor ever furious Jehu drove so fast;
 I spy'd on's Chariot, though with wonder smitten,
Ultra militiam triumphanti written.
 At last the two Retinues did unite,
 Shouting as when two Royal Armies meet.

I fear'd this loud Concussion, I confess,
 Had crackt the Machine of the Universe;
 And heard a Voice shriller than all the rest,
 In which three times distinctly was express,
Euge bone serve! &c.——
 And then 'twas Echo'd loudly by the rest.
 So marching on they disappear'd streight,
 And distance drew a Veil before my sight.
 Sure with such Equipage ne're Consul came
 To make his pompous Ent'ry into *Rome*.
 In such a Chariot ne're was Consul drove
 Up to the *Roman* Capitol of Jove:
 Ne're with such pointed Glories did Romance
 Adorn the Nuptials of an earthly Prince:
 And whilst my Thoughts with such Encomiums swell'd,
 Thus spake the Matron. Now you have beheld
 (Young Man) the glorious Triumphs of my Son,
 You think (I warrant) all is past and gon;
 No, more illustrious Glories are to come,
 What you have seen 's but the Preludium:
 He that was late so servilely enstall'd
 Is now a Saint going to be enthrall'd:
 He that an humble Captive did lie down
 Is rais'd a conquering Hero in Renown:
 He that—— But hold a sudden Exigence
 Of my confus'd Affairs does call me hence.
 Farewell, dear Saint! dear Martyr! and to you
 (Pointing at me) I bid no long Farewel.
 And then away she flew.

Thus I awak'd in Sweat and Agony,
 As't fares with Men that are in extasy.
 At last my Sense return'd, I start upright,
 And then resolv'd this raptur'd Dream to write:
 And leaving the Confinement of my Bed,
 I heard the Reverend Primate C. was dead.
 With that I into new Convulsions fell,
 For fear I should mistake the Parallel;
 Though I was told before, and partly knew,
 All that I heard, and seen, to him was due.
 But this is a new Theme, too great for me,
 Which none can Fathom, 'cause there's no degree }
 In an indefinite Immensity:
 On which so easy 'tis much to improve,
 And so impossible to say enough.
 Which never can defin'd more truly be,
 Than when we own the Impossibility.
 And therefore all the Honour we can show him,
 Is but a little part of what we owe him.
 What can loquacious Zeal then more imply,
 Since all Encomiums into silence dye?
 Silence, the properest Language, I confess,
 Wonder and Veneration to express.